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the feeling revulsions that such as Elia have expressed, but we hold to that mental and moral vassalage, that gives a time-serving, paltry pedagogue the control of spirits that yearn for a rightful independence.

Q.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

A RHYME OF THE BAY STATE.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree :
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gayly woos.
Tall and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;—
'Mong the apple-boughs a pigeon coos.
Hannah shudders;
For the wild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering, hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Blanch and tear the rugged shore she views.
Twenty seasons;
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LAROOM.

TIZIANO VECELLI.

BY ALFRED DES ESSARTS.

(Translated for THE CRAYON, by Miss Harriette Fanning Read)

I.

RAPHAEL and TITIAN stand on the same level of the summit of Art. If there were any inequality of style and genius, and of glory, between them, it was to be found in the striking contrast of an existence cut short in mid-career on one side, on the other, prolonged far beyond the ordinary limits, amid honors and triumphs. It is well to observe, also, that no artist's claims were ever less disputed than those of Titian; all his rivals retired before him; his teaching and example created a school, of which he was incontestably the head; the most distinguished characters of his day sought his friendship, as they did his works, and sovereigns thought themselves fortunate in having their portraits from his graceful and finished touch.

II.

A young man, with a grave and thoughtful air, came slowly from a modest school in the village of Pieve di Cadore, with his books under his arm; but, after walking a few steps, stopped suddenly, near a group of pilgrims who were gathered before a celebrated sanctuary. Nothing could be more picturesque than this group of sun-burnt men, clad in the traditional costume—coarse sandals on their feet, the broad-brimmed hat, with its band of cockles, on their heads, and the long staff in their hands. Some were leaning against the oaks, some kneeling in prayer to the Madonna. The young gazer seated himself immediately on the turf of the road-side, took paper and pencil, and began to sketch these pious travellers. So absorbed was he, that a touch on his shoulder made him start; he turned, and saw his father.

"Ah, my son, I have caught you!" said the old man, smiling.

Tiziano presented the paper respectfully, saying, "Have I succeeded?"

"Perfectly. Ah, my dear boy, what a misfortune that we have no wealth beyond our coat of arms. You were born with a genius for the fine arts!" and the old gentleman sighed.

Encouraged by this opening, the youth exclaimed, with animation: "Oh, my good father, listen to me. I believe I have a real vocation for Art; let me go to Venice and study painting with some celebrated master!"

"Go to Venice!" repeated the father. "Did you not hear me say we were poor?"

"That will only increase my courage. My aim is lofty enough to merit some sacrifices for it, and I can bear them without complaint. And if we do not defend our country by the pencil as by the sword, we may serve God by depicting the miracles of his religion; for so do Donatello, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo."

"And do you expect to equal them?"